DISAPPOINTED SPECULATORS.

The Policy of the Land Office Has Been Not to Discourage European Capital But to Force Capitalists Abroad to Invest It Honestly.

Certain American citizens who crossed the Atlantic not long ago with the intention of selling in England or Holland great slices of unimproved land in our Territories have been brought up with a round turn by the passage of the so-called Alien Landlords act. One of them was ex-Senator Stephen W. Dorsey, who is said to have had several millions of acres to sell, and whose elaborate dinners in London, have attracted the attention of the Associated Press. Other Americans have been offering to foreign investors a trifle of 79,000,000 acres (or two and one-half times the area of the State of New York) situated somewhere in the wonderful Southwest, where enormous ranches and boundless Spanish grants grow from nothing in a single night. But the foreigners' ardor has suddenly been chilled and the American speculators have been discouraged by the news that the United States Government proposes to keep the land for American citizens.

Our London correspondent says that the English will not buy. They display much anxiety concerning investments heretofore made in American lands and will take no more risks. The largest company of negotiating agents in Europe has resolved that it will no longer deal in our Territorial lands or securities. The act of Congress that has so flattened out the market for American grants and ranches has been cabled to South Africa, and probably to other colonies, to make a boom in real estate there, upon the assumption that the stream of English capital will be diverted from American grazing districts to lands under the protection of British laws.

Possibly the Englishmen will not suffer by reason of this new law. Owing to the activity of our General Land Office the detection of almost innumerable cases of fraud on our public lands promises to unsettle the "titles" of some vast estates built up by fraudulent entry. Even if the Alien Landlords act were not on the statute book the purchase of some of these expanded grants and ranches might be a profitless transaction. Even ex-Senator Dorsey's great ranch has been shorn of some of its outlying principalities. At the command of the President he has taken down fifty miles of fence by which he had inclosed a great tract to which he had no title. The expanded Maxwell grant, so well known in Holland, is still in the courts. Federal officers are reporting every week expanded Spanish grants for reclamation. The large investment made by Scottish capitalists in Humboldt County, Cal., is in danger, because the lands in question were obtained by the boldest fraud, and the Government is prosecuting the thieves with the purpose of punishing them and recovering the plunder.

Congress has very properly undertaken to prevent the establishment of the landlord and tenant system of Great Britain in our Territories. Too many large tracts of land in the far West are already held by English peers. It was intended by those who made our laws for the distribution of public land that the land should go into the hands of actual settlers in small parcels. Their purpose has been defeated in thousands of cases by fraud. Possibly the Alien Landlord bill would not have been passed if the tracts now held by foreign capitalists had not been procured fraudulently. These capitalists or their agents have induced unscrupulous citizens to commit the frauds by which their estates have been created, or they have bought the estates from citizens who fraudulently took them from the public domain.

We have land thieves enough of our own, and they are sufficiently active, even when they are not stimulated by the use of foreign capital. The Government is now striving, in the face of great obstacles, to preserve for actual settlers the remnant of our public lands that has not been taken by syndicates and speculators. These lands are needed for the use of small farmers. Foreign investors should understand that the American people do not desire to shut out European capital, but propose that it shall be invested, if invested at all, honestly and in accordance with the spirit of our institutions. They are not willing that it shall be used to support those who steal public land or for the establishment of vast estates upon which American citizens can live only as the tenants of a foreign owner.—*N. Y. Times.*

Not Very Disastrous.

Next to the sectional issue in 1884 the Republican orators and organs pinned their faith in success to the argument that the Democratic victory would bring hard times. They had nothing to say about the kind of times that Republican Administration had brought; but they bawled vociferously in the public ear their predictions of the ruin that would follow Cleveland's election. Some of the dimensions of this "ruin" have just been ascertained through inquiries made by Bradstreet's as to the condition of the work and wages. As a result of these inquiries Bradstreet's states that "there are at least 400,000 more industrial employes at work than in 1885, and that wages have, on the whole, together with full time now, as against reduced hours of labor then, brought the receipts of labor generally to the level of 1881-82. In some instances they have been advanced still higher."

The following table from the same source gives some very interesting comparison as to the changes in sundry industries since 1882:

	Decrease, 1882 to 1884.	Increase, 1884 to 1887.
Clothing operatives	35,000	40,000
Cotton goods operatives	20,000	24,000
Woolen goods operatives	24,000	2,500
Boot and shoe operatives	18,000	16,000
Tobacco and cigar operatives	13,000	16,000
Iron and steel operatives	80,000	92,000

—*Detroit Free Press.*

TRYING TO LET GO.

The Republican Party Want to Get Rid of Blaine, But Don't Know Exactly How to Do It.

It looks as if the Republican party would like very much to have somebody help it let go of Mr. Blaine. In 1884, it was sure he was the greatest man of any age or country. It compared him with Washington, Lincoln, Socrates, Plato, and even the Apostle Paul; and in each case the other subject of the comparison came out second best.

But defeat had a somewhat disenchanting effect. The charm was cracked if not broken. It seems now to be broken. One after another the most devoted Blainiacs are seeking some new love. Awhile ago the favorite seemed to be Allison. Now it is Sherman. It is even said that Whitelaw Reid has written a letter declaring that Blaine must be whole-heartedly abandoned, and Sherman whole-heartedly taken up. The story is confirmed.

Sherman is just the man—for the nomination. He is rich, like Blaine, and like Blaine personally interested in several of the great corporations which seek Government favoritism. He is not "magnetic," but he has even more of the magnetic metals than Blaine, and for campaign purposes he has them better invested. He can "work" several of his enterprises in his own interest. He may not be generous with his cash, but so determined a candidate with such a big barrel ought to think nothing of a million or so. There are various channels where it would help to keep him from being a deadhead in the enterprise.

The party is going to need a barrel candidate worse than it ever has. It has lost the United States Treasury, lost the Pension Department, lost the post-offices and lost the bloody shirt. Hence the need of a barrel.

They are very anxious to get in again, however, and not scrupulous as to the methods. They will throw Blaine overboard, if necessary. Whether he and his friends will throw them overboard remains to be tested. It is predicted that he will make it mutual, and very cordial. There are still enough Blaine men to make it rather drizzly for any other candidate. They think Blaine is far the strongest candidate, and they will at best have little heart in the campaign of a rival.

Still the party as a whole would like to shake him. It hardly knows how, and goes about it with visible awkwardness. But it may succeed, and at any rate it will have a very interesting time trying. There is a little more than a year to do it in. If 'twere done when 'tis done 'twere well 'twere done quickly. Otherwise the Chicago scenes of 1880 are likely to be repeated.—*Des Moines Leader.*

A "Barrel" Campaign Promised.

An Ohio man, an ex-revenue collector, has given a Washington paper his figures on the desirability of the nomination of Senator Sherman for the Presidency. They have a certain interest. He names first the National banks, about 2,500 in number, with about $350,000,000 capital, which are declared to be so much in the Senator's favor as to stand an assessment of one-quarter of one per cent. to elect him. This would bring nearly $900,000. Then there are the great railroads, which are represented to be "very favorably disposed." Finally, there is the personal fortune of the Senator himself, which no one is supposed to know, but which this admirer figures out to be such as to bring an income of $20,000 a month. As a piece of strictly financial guess work, this is not only admirable, but suggestive, presenting the prospect of a "barrel" campaign in a manner most seductive to the workers. With such a showing as this for Senator Sherman, it behooves Mr. Blaine to permit some of his arithmetic men to figure on his possessions and his financial alliances.—*Boston Post.*

——It may be expedient to prohibit American vessels from going into Canadian ports for any purpose whatever, except for shelter in stress of weather. To limit the operation of the act to a new measure of "protection" to a particular trade would be putting upon the consumers of fish the entire burden and cost of the difficulty. It is gratifying to know that President Cleveland does not take so low a view of his public duties, and that he will not assent in advance to such an act of injustice. Indeed, his letter may be construed as a promise that when he does act he will contrive that the burden and cost shall be fairly distributed, and that no class or section shall get the advantage of any other class or section by reason of what is at best a serious public misfortune.—*N. Y. Post.*

——Hon. W. E. Chandler (perhaps better known as Old Bill Chandler), says that the Republicans will study the situation very carefully before they commit the party to the chances of another defeat. When the situation means a choice between Blaine and Sherman, the demand for careful study is as evident as the chances for defeat. It takes a veteran seaman of Mr. Chandler's sweep of the horizon to size up the difference between a hawk and a henshaw at long range.—*St. Louis Republican.*

RESTORING FERTILITY.

The Economical Method Successfully Practiced by an Ohio Farmer.

A few years ago I came into possession of a piece of land that was shamefully "run down," as it had lost its fertility to such a degree that the year before I got it a field sown to oats (which made a very small crop) did not have strength enough after the oats were cut to make any growth, even of "rag-weed," and the ground was as bare as the road, except for the small oat stubble.

We had a very limited supply of manure, and were too remote to haul from the village, so we had to do the best we could, occasionally gathering up a load; and in the absence of that we used dissolved South Carolina rock, which made some crops, but as the soil was lacking in humus it did not do as much good as it otherwise would, and gave us no satisfactory crops until, in the fall of 1884, I had the lot in strawberries and was building a barn. In cleaning up around the old one I found a few sled-loads of old, rotten manure, which I hauled and spread over the patch of strawberries—just a light sprinkle. I omitted to state how I had fertilized the ground for the berries. I gave it a dressing of dissolved South Carolina rock, about two hundred pounds per acre, and about as much kainit, which gave me a pretty good growth of plants.

The sequel proved that there was a good supply of clover seed in the manure, and it came up the next season. After the fruit was picked, it grew so luxuriantly that we gave up the patch to it, and last season had a splendid clover meadow. I never saw better. We cut two crops from it, and in the absence of a knowledge of its weight, will say we fed three horses, fall, winter and spring—all from about an acre. It excelled any thing I ever saw.

Now the little sprinkle of manure spread out with the clover seed could not have produced such results.

I have on several occasions found very satisfactory results from the use of this dissolved rock, and think the kainit was also very beneficial.

In the spring of 1885 I had a piece of 3½ acres for corn and could not get stable manure. It had been cropped with wheat four years in succession, previous to my getting it, without any assistance in the way of fertilizer, so that spring I put 400 pounds per acre of dissolved rock and planted to corn, and raised 50 bushels per acre of shelled corn. A part of it had to go to corn again in 1886, and it gave a better crop than in 1885, and it ripened up so nicely that it was a pleasure to take care of it.

Now I have come to the conclusion that this dissolved rock is a good and inexpensive fertilizer to supplement the supply of stable manure. I am also well pleased with the result of kainit, as far as my experience with it goes.—*Ohio Cor. Country Gentleman.*

HOUSES FOR POULTRY.

The Necessity of Guarding Against Damp Floors and Crowded Quarters.

In building poultry houses of course the first thing to be done is to select a location, and this is indeed a very important part of the work, as a great deal depends on it afterwards.

The principal part to observe, in selecting the spot, is to have it dry and well drained, so that there will never be any standing water near the house or yards, or dampness of any kind, as this is very disastrous to the health of the fowls.

A damp floor in the hen house is the prime cause of the very disagreeable disease of roup, which, being contagious, is very hard to break up and successfully eradicate after it once gets a firm start and is well established in the flock.

None of the common breeds of fowls are fond of water or the application of any thing damp to their skin, and they generally avoid moisture as much as they possibly can. The best location for their house is a well-drained sandy spot. This is, however, sometimes impossible to obtain, and in such cases the breeder should elevate the spot where the house is to be built, by filling in with sand or sandy soil, which can generally be obtained with but very little trouble.

This artificial draining should always be practiced by breeders who have but little choice of selection, but have to take what they have on account of small quarters, and are tied down to the space immediately adjacent to their dwellings. By thus elevating the spot the quarters will be made healthy for the fowls, and the difference in the results will amply pay for the extra trouble occasioned.

Crowding the fowls in quarters that are too small for them also has a tendency to the same disorders that are caused by dampness, as they generally go together. The breeder should attend to this carefully, for there is nothing more conducive to disease and general disorder among fowls than the damp quarters in which they are compelled to pass their time, and of course without good health they can never be made profitable and desirable to keep.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—Apple Bread.—There is nothing more delicious than warm apple bread, eaten with fresh butter. Make the bread the same as for steamed brown bread. When the bread is mixed ready to cook, add sliced sweet apples until the mixture is thick with them. Steam from three to four hours; then bake thirty minutes in oven of moderate heat.—*Mother's Magazine.*

—Mr. Symons insisted strongly on giving stock daily exercise in sheltered barn-yards and his views obtained general concurrence.—*Rural Canadian.*

RUSSIAN TEA-GARDENS.

The Semi-Oriental Customs of the Citizens of the "Chicago of Russia."

The Oriental domes and mosque-like pinnacles of Odessa suggest Constantinople or Bagdad, and the filthy beggars who lounge within the courtyards of the sacred edifices make the illusion disgustingly real. It is in this great wheat market city, called "the Chicago of Russia," that the stranger gets his first glimpse of Eastern life. The stately public buildings, the bazar-like shop windows, the abject appearance of the beggars, the ferocity of the fleas, and the infinite number of dogs are more real than the Arabian Nights to an imaginative mind. The summer nights are cool, but during the day the sun floods the earth with its scorching rays. The evenings are usually spent in the tea-gardens, which are a feature of all Russian towns. They are like the beer-gardens of Germany, only tea is drunk instead of beer. It is called "*chai*" (pronounced "chi") and served in Bohemian cut-glass "tumblers," with lumps of loaf-sugar and slices of lemon. Chai is the universal drink, and the samovar in which it is made is a symbol of Russian hospitality. This curious tea-pot is a brass or copper vessel, shaped not unlike an urn. The ordinary household samovar is from one to two feet high, and ten inches in diameter, and polished in the highest style of art. It is so ingeniously constructed that, with a hot charcoal fire burning in its little furnace, it may stand on a table for hours without scorching the cloth. Some of the very expensive samovars are as large as a barrel and as high as a man's head, but all are made on the same principle; that is, a straight pipe or flue runs perpendicularly through the center of the vessel, which is filled with water. The flue projects at the top of the samovar like a little round chimney. When the charcoal is well kindled, and the water boils, a few spoonfuls of black tea are put in a small china tea-pot, which is filled with hot water drawn from the faucet of the samover. Then the tea-pot is set over the chimney, in which a series of holes just below its mouth prevents stoppage of the draught. When the tea is thoroughly "steeped" and the liquid very dark, a little is poured into the guest's glass, which is then filled with boiling water from the samovar. There is a saying in Russia that hospitality never ceases while there is water in the samovar. The water in the pot is never allowed to boil, and only the best tea that the host can afford is used. It costs all the way from one to thirty dollars a pound, and merchants make a business of bringing it overland across the deserts from China by extensive tea caravans. It is generally believed in Russia that a sea-voyage destroys the peculiar flavor of the chai. The best quality—such as is used for the imperial table—is transported in leather bags enclosed in carefully sealed cases to prevent contact with the atmosphere. This kind of tea is worth from thirty to forty dollars a pound. Various grades of Russian tea are sold in Paris, where also samovars of beautiful designs can be purchased for twenty or thirty dollars a piece. The ordinary tea of Russia is far superior to any tea drunk in country or in England; in fact its delicious flavor is unknown, and can not be imitated by the most skillful preparation of English tea. Crystalized white sugar is used by the Russian tea-drinkers, and a slice of lemon gives the liquid an exquisite flavor, but cream or milk is never seen on a tea-table. Wealthy people often use jellies. From six to twenty glasses of chai are often drunk by a single person at a sitting, and at private parties the guests remain until very late. In the tea-gardens bands of musicians play regular programmes during the evenings, while the fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the city drink tea and discuss the gossip of the hour.—*Ralph Meeker, in Harper's Magazine.*

Church Membership.

There are in the United States 6,832,954 Roman Catholics, 38,722 Greek, Armenian and Byzantine Catholics, 73,265 Jews, 275,000 pagans, 14,607,764 Protestants, 27,439,814 different creeds not stated and infidels. Of the Protestants, 5,336,553 are Baptists, 5,943,875 Methodists, 551,699 Episcopalians, 487,619 Congregationalists, 1,006,437 Presbyterians, 91,769 Adventists, 885,987 Lutherans, 243,825 Dutch Reformed. Of the different creeds not stated and infidels 160,837 are Mormons, 96,000 Quakers, 300,000 Universalists, 45,000 Unitarians, 80,000 Mennonites, 9,928 Moravians, 4,000 New Jerusalemites, 700 Schwenfeldians, 1,500,000 Spiritualists, 10,000 Shakers, 1,000,000 atheists, 10,000,000 infidels. The balance of 15,233,349 under this head may be accounted for as follows: Adherents and families of Roman Catholics, 4,000,000; the same of Protestants, 6,000,000, and of unspecified creeds, 3,233,347.—*The Statistician.*

—The idea of the "transfer pictures," painted in glaring colors and designed for children, which they can transfer to their copy books or other objects by simply moistening the picture of the object, has been adopted by a German for labeling bottles, and is likely to be a great success. The label is impressed on the bottle in generous colors, and a coat of varnish keeps it there, which is a considerable improvement on the old gum label system. The simplicity of the process recommends it for a very wide use.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Small flocks and small herds pay best" is what one now hears on every side. Do not undertake more than can be well done.—*Drovers' Journal.*

GILDED FINGER-NAILS.

A Parisian Idea That Has Taken Root Among New York's Bon Ton.

There was a yellowish glow, like that of gold dollars, from the tips of her fingers as she drew off her gloves. She was an actress who was up to all the latest freaks.

"Pretty, are they not?" said she in answer to the reporter's curious glance. "It's the latest Paris idea—gilded finger-nails."

"Do you mean seriously that you wear that stuff on your nails all the time?"

"Why, certainly. Don't I tell you it's the fashion. Pretty soon it will be the craze. Lots of ladies have been gilded already, and it's only a few weeks since the fashion was introduced."

"And pray, who is responsible for this nonsense?"

"A French manicure, who came over awhile ago to introduce the art. He was a sharp fellow, and knew his business. He gilded an actress first without charge, knowing how well she would advertise him. Sure enough she did. There are hundreds of society ladies who will copy any thing they see an actress do, no matter how outlandish it is. It did not take them long to find out what it was on her finger-nails nor where the professor's shop was. They went there in droves. In a short time he had more customers than he could attend to and hired an assistant. He is doing a rushing trade, and turning his idea into gold for himself while he gilds the ladies. For it is not a cheap adornment, understand."

"How much does he charge?"

"A dollar a nail, three for one hand and five for both."

"Does it last long?"

"As long as the nail does—that is, until it grows out. They should be touched up every month. He only charges one dollar for that."

"And doesn't the gilt wash off?"

"No, indeed, you can't get it off—wash and scrub as much as you have a mind to. It's put on to stay."

"Does it hurt you to have it put on?"

"Only a bother; there is no pain about it. It takes lots of fussing and preparation and two or three hours of tedious sitting to have it done, but we would endure even more than that to be in the fashion, you know. I find the gilding awfully convenient in one respect."

"What's that?"

"Your fingernails require less attention then. If they are dirty it does not show, and when they are long they get dirty so easily, you know."

The reporter went up to see the "professor" in his little shop in an uptown cross-street. A sign over the door read, "Ladies Gilded." The professor was a dapper little man with very white hands and an easy-running tongue. The establishment consisted of a small room with a lot of chairs in it, and at the further end an operating table with a number of fixtures and trappings on it in the way of brushes, knives, files, bottles and sponges. The furniture was to a certain extent elegant, and there was an air of luxury to the place.

"I don't want to tell you the secret of my art," said the professor; "that would be very foolish of me. Suffice it to say that I first wash and scrub the nails very carefully. Then, with the means of a certain solution, I prepare them for gilding. There lies the secret However, I do nothing that is in the least injurious to the nail, so that when they grow out again they will be in their normal condition if the party chooses."

"Where did you learn the art?"

"O, it is becoming quite common in Paris. As civilization advances so do exaggerated ideas of personal adornment. I presume blackened teeth will be fashionable next."

"Do you think the gilding business will take in this country?"

"It has already. They are a little bashful about it yet, but that's only a question of time. At present most of the ladies have only nerve enough to have the little finger nail decorated, but they will get over that soon enough. One even wanted her toe-nails gilded the other day."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Good Table-Talkers.

Men who can talk well and pleasantly at table, and especially those who can speak and understand French, are getting to be more and more in demand in society here. The two best table talkers of late years were Charles Sumner and Caleb Cushing, each of whom possessed a fund of anecdote, ready wit and many souvenirs of travel. Mr. Sumner, vigorous, and at times almost arrogant, was the Ajax of table-talk, while Mr. Cushing was the Ulysses, subtle and insinuating, and arraying his statements in all the persuasive guises of attractive rhetoric. Mr. Sumner was a man of profound political convictions, whose very table-talk bore the evidence of thoughtfulness, learning and vigor; while that of Mr. Cushing, on new lights in politics, new faces in society and new conditions of public affairs had force, although in opposition to views which he had previously expressed, but to which he did not cling. His geniality, his invariable good humor and the results of his study and experience enriched his delightful conversation.—*Washington Cor. Albany Journal.*

—The editor of the Muddy Forks *Bugle* says: "It is our intention to make the *Bugle* the great literary and political journal of the whole West, which we can not do as long as we have to print our paper on a hand press turned by our wife, as we do now."

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—This country is the best picture market in the world.

—Coffee as a cure for typhoid fever is recommended by a French naval surgeon.

—A cross-eyed cat, one of the few known to be in existence, is owned by Mrs. George Hebard, of Hartford, Conn.

—Ulysses is the only town in Grant County, Kansas, and Horace and Tribune are the only towns in Greeley County.

—The total egg crop of the United States, or the product handled by the larger cities and towns, is estimated at one hundred and fifty million dollars annually.

—The Chinese are said to manufacture an anæsthetic not unlike cocaine in its action, and claim that the anæsthetic property is the juice of the eye of the frog.

—Treasury clerks who count the trade dollars have to wear buckskin gloves or get sore fingers. Any sore spot on the finger is soon poisoned by contact with the metal.

—London papers tell of a spaniel which saved the life of a cat. The owner of both decided to drown the cat, and threw it into the river. The dog rescued the tabby and the man threw her in again. This time the spaniel took the cat to the other shore.

—The retired list of the navy is swelling. There are fifty Rear Admirals, fifteen Commodores, fourteen Captains, twelve Commanders, twenty Lieutenant Commanders, forty-one Lieutenants, forty-six surgeons, twenty paymasters and seventy-two engineers.—*Chicago Herald.*

—At a late auction in Paris a Stradivarius violoncello, bearing the maker's name and the date, 1689, was sold for $3,802; a violin by the same maker, of the date of 1691, went for $2,400, and a Ruggeri, of the year 1659, for $6,400; A violin bow, by Tourte, for $220.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—A curious flower is being cultivated by a lady at Barton, Fla. It is called the veiled nun and is of the lily species and has a fan-shaped base, in front of which projects a purple cell, and in the cell is the pistil, on the apex of which is a perfect face with a white hood or veil almost exactly like that worn by some of the orders of nuns.

—The prints of peculiarly arranged teeth were found in some cheese in a house in Jersey City that was robbed a few nights ago. A colored man who was arrested on suspicion was required to bite a piece of the cheese; when his teeth made the same marks as were upon the other piece, and he was committed for trial.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A Philadelphia physician says that a great deal of what passes for heart disease is only mild dyspepsia, that nervousness is commonly bad temper and that two-thirds of the so-called malaria is nothing but laziness. Probably he doesn't tell his patients so, but there is no doubt a good deal of truth in what he says.—*American Analyst.*

—The Governor of Guadalajara has arranged for the establishment of pawn shops in that State similar to the national pawnshops of Mexico, which lend money on collaterals at a very low rate of interest. Private parties in the State capital have already subscribed a capital of twenty-three thousand dollars and other subscriptions are coming in rapidly.—*Chicago Times.*

—The secret of being always entertaining in conversation is so simple that it is astonishing so few people know it. The rule is always to talk about the personal interest of the one you are talking with. He will save you the trouble of saying much, and will leave you finally with a remarkably good opinion of your powers as an entertainer.—*Journal of Education.*

—Tapestry is neither real weaving nor true embroidery, but in a manner unites in its working these two processes into one. Though wrought in a loom and upon a warp stretched out as long as its frame, it has no woof thrown across those threads with a shuttle or any like appearance, but its weft is done with many short threads, all variously colored and put in by a needle. It is not embroidery, though so very like it, for tapestry is not worked upon what is really a web, having both warp and woof, but upon a series of closely-set fine strings.—*Boston Budget.*

—The New Brunswick (N. J.) *News* announced with great gravity one morning that certain post-office clerks, naming them, had been detected in "selling thirteen stamps for one cent and a quarter," naming the detective who had worked up the case. The *News* has now been sued for five thousand dollars damages by the two clerks and is the victim of its own joke, which turns on the fact that thirteen stamps cost twenty-six cents, or a cent and a quarter of a dollar. The Post-office Department sent on an inspector to demand the reason why the theft had not been reported.

—Mr. Stanley has one co-traveler who bids fair to be useful—Dr. Ralph Leslie. A Canadian by birth he had just taken his degree when he went to the Servian war in 1876; subsequently served with the Turks in Bulgaria, Armenia and the defense of Constantinople; later, went to the Zulu war, then to India, Australia, and then twice to the Congo; since which he has been studying bacilli with Prof. Koch in Berlin. He started literally at three days' notice to join Mr. Stanley at Aden or Zanzibar. He will be likely to find bacilli of the largest size and extra strength where he is now going.—*Congregationalist.*